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# SOUTHERN BIVOUAC.



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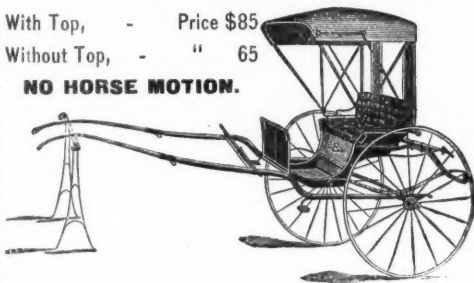
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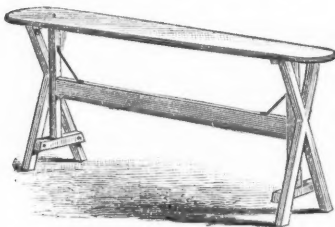
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# THE SOUTHERN BIVOUAC.

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VOL. II.

SEPTEMBER, 1883.

NO. I.

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LEE.

BY MAJOR JOHN W. DANIELS.

As little things make up the sum of life, so they reveal the inward nature of men and furnish the keys to history. It is in the office, the street, the field, the workshop, and by the fireside that men show what stuff they are made of, not less than in those eventful actions which write themselves in lightnings across the skies, and mark the rise and fall of nations. Nay, more! the highest attributes of human nature are not disclosed in action, but in self-restraint and repose. "Self-restraint," as has been truly said by Thomas Hughes, "Is the highest form of self-assertion." It is harder, as every soldier knows, to lie down and take the fire of batteries without returning it than to rise and charge to the cannon's mouth. It is harder to give the soft answer that turneth away wrath than to retort a word with a blow. De Long, in the frozen Arctic wastes, dying alone inch by inch of cold and starvation, yet intent on his work, and writing lines for the benefit of others, deserved as well as the Marshal of France who received the name of "bravest of the brave." The artless little Alabama girl who was guiding General Forrest along a dangerous path when the enemy fired a volley upon him, and who instinctively spread her skirts and cried, "Get behind me!" had a spirit as high as that which filled the bosom of Joan of Arc or Charlotte Corday. The little Holland boy, who, seeing the water oozing through the dyke, and the town near by about to be deluged and destroyed, neither cried nor ran, but stopped, and all alone stifled the opening gap with earth, in constant peril of being swept to death unhonored and unknown, showed a finer and nobler fiber than that of Cambronne when he shouted to the conquering British, "The Guard dies, but never surrenders." The soldier of Pompeii, buried at his post—standing there and flying not from the hot waves of lava that

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rolled over him—tells the Roman story in grander language than the ruins of the Coliseum. And Herndon, on the deck of his ship, doing all to save his crew, making deliberate choice of death before dishonor, and going down into the great deep with brow calm and unruffled, is a grander picture of true, heroic temper than that of Cæsar leading his legions or of the young Corsican at the bridge of Lodi.

Among the quiet, nameless workers of the world—in the stubble-field and by the forge, bending over a sick child's bed or smoothing an outcast's pillow—is many a hero and heroine, truer, nobler than those over whose brows hang plumes and laurels.

In action there is the stimulus of excited physical and mental faculties and of the moving passions; but in the composure of the calm mind that quietly devotes itself to hard life-work, putting aside temptations, contemplating and rising superior to all surroundings of adversity, suffering danger and death, man is revealed in his highest manifestation. Then, and then alone, he seems to have redeemed his fallen state, and to be re-created in God's image. At the bottom of all true heroism is unselfishness. Its crowning expression is self-sacrifice. The world is suspicious of vaunted heroes. They are so easily manufactured. So many feet are cut and trimmed to fit Cinderella's slippers that we hesitate long before we hail the princess. But when the true hero has come, and we know that here is he, in verity, ah! how the hearts of men leap to greet him; how worshipfully we welcome God's noblest work—the strong, honest, fearless, upright man.

In Robert Lee was such a hero vouchsafed to us and to mankind, and whether we behold him declining command of the Federal army to fight the battles and share the miseries of his own people; proclaiming on the heights in front of Gettysburg that the fault of the disaster was his own; leading charges in the crisis of combat; walking under the yoke of conquest without a murmur of complaint; or refusing fortunes to come here and train the youth of his country in the path of duty, he is ever the same meek, grand, self-sacrificing spirit. Here he exhibited qualities not less worthy and heroic than those displayed on the broad and open theater of conflict, when the eyes of nations watched his every action. Here in the calm repose of civil and domestic duties, and in the trying routine of incessant tasks, he lived a life as high as when day by day he marshaled and led the thin and wasting lines, and slept by night upon the field that was to be drenched again in blood upon the morrow.



Here in these quiet walks, far removed from "war or battle's sound," he came into view. As, when the storm passes o'er, the mountain seems a pinnacle of light, the landscape beams with fresher and tenderer beauties, and the purple-golden clouds float above us in the azure depths like the islands of the blest, so came into view the massive splendor and loving kindness of the character of General Lee, and the very sorrows that overhung his life seemed luminous with celestial hues. Here he revealed, in manifold gracious hospitalities, tender charities, and patient, worthy counsels, how deep and pure and inexhaustible were the fountains of his virtues. And loving hearts delight to tell the thousand little things he did which sent forth lines of light to irradiate the gloom of the conquered land, and to lift up the hopes and cheer the works of the people.

Was there a scheme of public improvement? he took hearty interest in promoting its success in every way he could. Was there an enterprise of charity, or education, or religion that needed friendly aid? he gave to it according to his store, and sent with the gift words that were deeds. Was there a poor soldier in distress? whoever else forgot him, it was not Lee. Was there a proud spirit chafing under defeat and breaking forth in angry complaints and criminations, or a wanderer who had sought in other lands an unvexed retreat denied him here? he it was, who, with mild voice, conjured restraint and patience, recalled the wanderer home, and reared above the desolate hearthstone the image of duty. And whoever mourned the loved and lost who had died in vain for the cause now perished, he it was who poured into the stricken heart the balm of sympathy and consolation. Here indeed, Lee, no longer the leader, became, as it were, the priest of his people, and the young men of Washington College were but a fragment of those who found in his voice and his example the shining sign that never misguided their footsteps.

As we glance back through the smoke-drifts of his many campaigns and battles, his kind, considerate acts toward his officers and men gleam through them as brightly as their burnished weapons, and they formed a fellowship as noble as that which bound the Knights of the Round Table to Arthur, "the beardless king." His principle of discipline was indicated in his expression that "a true man of honor feels himself humbled when he can not help humbling others," and never exercising stern authority except when absolutely indispensable, his influence was the more potent because it ever appealed to honorable motives and natural affections. In the dark days of the Revolution two major-generals conspired with a faction of the Conti-

mental Congress to put Gates in the place of Washington, denominating him a "weak general." Never did Confederate dream a disloyal thought of Lee, and the greater the disaster the more his army leaned upon him.

When Jackson fell Lee wrote to him, "You are better off than I am, for while you have lost your left arm I have lost my right arm." And Jackson said of him, "Lee is a phenomenon; he is the only man that I would follow blindfold." Midway between Petersburg and Appomattox, with the ruins of an empire falling on his shoulders, and the gory remnants of his army staggering under the thick blows of the advancing foe, we see Lee turning aside from the column, and riding up to the home of the widow of the gallant Colonel John Thornton, who had fallen at Sharpsburg. "I have not time to tarry," he says, "but I could not pass by without stopping a moment to pay my respects to the widow of my honored soldier, Colonel John Thornton, and tender her my deep sympathy in the sore bereavement she sustained when the country was deprived of his valuable services."

Three of his sons were there in the army with him, but they were too noble to seek, as he was too noble to bestow, honors because of the tie of blood. One of them, a private in the artillery, served his gun with his fellows. Another he is requested by President Davis to assign to command an army; but he will not be the medium of exalting his own house though a superior ask that it be done and though his son deserve. Yet another is in a hostile prison, and a Federal officer of equal rank begs that General Lee will effect an exchange, the one for the other. The general declined, saying, "That he will ask no favor for his own son that could not be asked for the humblest private in the army." On the cars crowded with passengers a soldier, scarce noticed, struggles to draw his coat over his wounded arm. One from among many rises and goes to his aid. It is General Lee. An army surgeon relates that while the battle of the Crater raged General Lee rode to the rear of the line where the wounded lay, and dismounting, moved among them. "Doctor, why are you not doing something for this man?" he said, pointing to one sorely stricken. The doctor raised the gray jacket and pointed to the ghastly wound which made life hopeless. General Lee bent tenderly over the wounded man, and then, in a voice tremulous with emotion, exclaimed, "Alas, poor soldier; may God make soft his dying pillow!"

Such were some of the many acts that made the men love Lee. And in the fight he was ever ready to be foremost. Lee the soldier

overrode Lee the general, and when the pinch and struggle came there was he. "Lee to the rear!" became the soldiers' battle-cry; and oftentimes when the long lines came gleaming on, and shot and shell in tempest ripped the earth, uptore the forest, and filled the air with death, those soldiers in their rusty rags paused as they saw his face among them, and then with manhood's imperious love these sovereigns of the field commanded, "General Lee, go back!" as their condition of advancing. And then, forward to the death! Was ever such devotion? Yes; Lee loved his men "as a father pitieth his children," and they loved him with a love that "passeth the love of woman;" for they saw in him the iron hero who could lead the brave with front as dauntless as a warrior's crest, and the gentle friend who comforted the stricken with soul as tender as a mother's prayer.

Five years rolled by while here "the self-imposed mission" of Lee was being accomplished, and now, in 1870, he had reached the age of sixty-three. A robust constitution, never abused by injurious habit, would doubtless have prolonged his life beyond the threescore years and ten which the psalmist has ascribed as the allotted term of man, but many causes were sapping and undermining it. The exposures of two wars in which he had participated, and the tremendous strain on nerve and heart and brain which his vast responsibilities and his accumulated trials had entailed, had been silently and gradually doing their work, and now his step had lost something of its elasticity, the shoulders began to stoop as if under a growing burden, and the ruddy glow of health upon his countenance had passed into a feverish flush. Into his ears and into his heart had been poured the afflictions of his people, and while composed and self-contained and uncomplaining, who could have looked on that great face, over whose majestic lineaments there stole the shade of sadness, without perceiving that grief for those he loved was gnawing at the heart-strings? without perceiving in the brilliant eye, which now and then had a far-away, abstracted gaze, that the soul within bore a sorrow that only Heaven could heal.

What he suffered his lips have never spoken. In the beautiful language of another, "His lips were closed like the gates of some majestic temple, not for concealment, but because that within was holy." Yet, let us take consolation to ourselves that there came to him much to give him joy. Around him were those united by the closest ties of blood and relationship in unremitting fidelity. Not a man of those who ever fought under him—aye, not one—ever proved

faithless in respect for him; the great mass of them gave to him every expression in their power of their affection. To the noble mind sweet is the generous and genuine praise of noble men, and for Lee there was a full measure. He lived to see deeply laid the foundation, and firmly built the pedestal of his great glory, and to catch the murmur of those voices which would rear high his image and bear his name and fame to remote ages and distant nations. The brave and true of every land paid him tribute. The first soldiers of foreign climes saluted him with eulogy; the scholar decorated his page with dedication to his name; the artist enshrined his form and features in noblest work of brush and chisel; the poet voiced the heroic pathos of his life in tender, lofty strain. Enmity grew into friendship before his noble bearing, and humanity itself attended him with all human sympathy. And over all, "God made soft his dying pillow."

The particular form of his mortal malady was rheumatism of the heart, originating in the exposure of his campaigns, and aggravated by the circumstances of his many trying situations. He traveled South in the spring of 1870, and in the summer resorted to the Hot Springs of Virginia, and when September came he was again here in better health and spirits at his accustomed work. On the 28th of September he conducted, as usual, his correspondence, and performed the incidental tasks of his office, and after dinner he attended a meeting of the vestry of Grace Episcopal Church, of which body he was a member. A question as to the minister's salary coming before the board, and there being a deficiency in the amount necessary, General Lee said, "I will give that sum." A sense of weariness came over him before the meeting ended, and at its close he retired with wan, flushed face. Returning home he found the family circle gathered for tea, and took his place at the board, standing to say grace. The lips failed to voice the blessing prompted by the heart, and, without a word, he took his seat with an expression of sublime resignation on his face, for well he knew that the Master's call had come, and he was ready to answer.

He was borne to his chamber, and skilled physicians and loving hands did all that man could do. For nearly a fortnight

"'Twixt night and morn upon the horizon's verge  
Between two worlds life hovered like a star; "

and then, on the morning of October 11, the star of the mortal sank

in the sunrise of immortality, and Robert Lee passed hence to "where beyond these voices there is peace."

"Tell A. P. Hill to prepare for action," were among the last words of Stonewall Jackson. "Tell Hill he *must* come up" were the last words of Lee. Their brave lieutenant, who rests under the green turf of Hollywood, seems to have been latest in the minds of his great commanders while their spirits, yet in martial fancy, roamed again the fields of conflict, and ere they passed to where the soldier dreams of battle-fields no more.

And did he live in vain, this brave and gentle Lee? And have his works perished with him? I would blush to ask the question, save to give the answer.

A leader of armies, he closed his career in complete disaster. But the military scientist studies his campaigns and finds in them designs as bold and brilliant, and actions as intense and energetic as ever illustrated the art of war. The gallant captain beholds in his bearing courage as rare as ever faced a desperate field or restored a lost one. The private soldier looks up at an image as benignant and commanding as ever thrilled the heart with highest impulse of devotion.

The men who wrested victory from his little band stood wonder-stricken and abashed when they saw how few were those who dared oppose them, and generous admiration burst into spontaneous tribute to the splendid leader who bore defeat with the quiet resignation of a hero. The men who fought under him never revered or loved him more than on the day he sheathed his sword. Had he but said the word, they would have died for honor. It was because he said the word that they resolved to live for duty.

Plato congratulated himself—first, that he was born a man; second, that he had the happiness of being a Greek; and third, that he was the contemporary of Sophocles. And in this vast throng to-day, and here and there the wide world over, is many a one who wore the gray who rejoices that he was born a man to do man's part for his country; that he had the glory of being a Confederate, and who feels a just, proud, and glowing consciousness in his bosom when he says unto himself, "I was a follower of Robert Lee; I was a soldier of the Army of Northern Virginia."

Did he wield patronage and power? No! He could not have appointed a friend to the smallest office. He could bestow no emolument upon any of his followers. But an intimation of his wish among his own people carried an influence which the command of

the autocrat can never possess; and his approval of conduct or character was deemed an honor, and was an honor which outlived the stars and crosses and titles conferred by kings.

Did he gain wealth? No! He neither sought nor despised it. It thrust itself upon him, but he put it away from him. He refused its companionship because his people could not have its company. He gave what he had to a weak cause and to those whose necessities were greater than his own. And home itself he sacrificed on the altar of his country. But he refuted the shallow worldling's maxim that "every man has his price," and proved that true manhood has none, however great.

The plunderer of India defends himself by exclaiming that "when he considered his opportunities he was astonished at his own moderation." Mark Anthony appeased the anger of the Roman populace against the fallen tyrant by reading Cæsar's will, wherein he left them his rich and fair possessions—to them and their heirs forever. The captive of St. Helena, aggrandized with the tears and blood of Europe, drew his own long will dispensing millions to his favorites. Lee had opportunities as great as any conqueror, and took nothing, not even that which others pushed upon him.

But he has left a great, imperishable legacy to us and our heirs forever. The heart of man is his perpetual kingdom; there he reigns transcendent, and we exclaim, "O, king, live forever!"

Did he possess rank? Not so; far from it! He was not even a citizen! The country which gave the right of suffrage to the alien ere he could speak its language, and to the African freedman ere he could read or understand its laws, denied to him the privilege of a free ballot. He had asked amnesty. He had been refused. He had not been tried, but he had been convicted. He forgave, but he was unforgiven. He died a paroled prisoner of war, in the calm of peace, five years after the war had ended—died the foremost and noblest of men in a Republic which proclaims itself "the land of the free, and the home of the brave," himself and his commander-in-chief constituting the most conspicuous of its political slaves.

But as the oak stripped of its foliage by the winter blast, then and then only, stands forth in solemn and mighty majesty against the wintry sky, so Robert Lee, stripped of every rank that man could give him, towered above the earth and those around him in the pure sublimity and strength of that character which we can only fitly contemplate when we lift our eyes from earth and see it limned against the heavens!

Did he save his country from conquest? No! He saw his every foreboding of evil verified. He came to share the miseries of his people. He shared them, drinking every drop of sorrow's cup. His cause was lost, and the land for which he fought lives not amongst the nations; but the voice of history echoes the poet's song:

"Ah! realm of tombs. But let it bear  
This blazon to the last of times;  
No nation rose so white and fair,  
Or fell so pure of crimes."

And he, its type, lived and died, teaching life's greatest lessons, "to suffer and be strong," and that "misfortune nobly borne is good fortune."

There is a rare exotic that blooms but once in a century, and then it fills the light with beauty and the air with fragrance. In each of the two centuries of Virginia's statehood there has sprung from the loins of her heroic race a son whose name and deeds will bloom throughout the ages. Both fought for liberty and independence. George Washington won against a kingdom whose seat was three thousand miles away, whose soldiers had to sail in ships across the deep, and he found in the boundless area of his own land its strongest fortifications. August, beyond the reach of destruction, is the glory of his name. Robert Edward Lee made fiercer and bloodier fight against greater odds, and at greater sacrifice, and lost, against the greatest nation of modern history, armed with steam and electricity and all the appliances of modern science—a nation which mustered its hosts at the very threshold of his door. But his life teaches the grandest lesson—how manhood can rise transcendent over adversity, and is in itself alone, under God, pre-eminent—the grander lesson because a sorrow and misfortune are sooner or later the common lot, even that of him who is the conqueror, he who bears them best is made of sternest stuff, and is the most useful and universal, as he is the greatest and noblest exemplar.

And now he has vanished from us forever! And is this all that is left of him—this handful of dust beneath the marble stone? No! the ages answer as they rise from where lay the wrecks of kingdoms and estates, holding up in their hands as their only trophies the names of those who have wrought for man the love and fear of God, and in love unfeeling for their fellow-men.

No! the present answers, bending by his tomb.

No! the future answers, as the breath of the morning fans its

radiant brow, and its soul drinks in sweet inspirations from the lovely life of Lee.

No! methinks the very heavens echo, as melt into their depths the words of reverent love that voice the hearts of men to the tingling stars.

Come we then to-day in loyal love to sanctify our memories, to purify our hopes, to make strong all good intent by communion with the spirit of him who, being dead, yet speaketh. Come, child, in thy spotless innocence; come, maiden, in thy purity; come, youth, in thy prime; come, manhood, in thy strength; come, mother, in thy nobility; come, age, in thy ripe wisdom; come, citizen; come soldier—let us strew the roses and lilies of June around his tomb, for he, like them, exhaled in his life nature's beneficence, and the grave has consecrated that life and given it to us all.

Come! for here he rests, and

“On this green bank, by this fair stream,  
We set to-day a votive stone,  
That memory may his deeds redeem  
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.”

Come! for here the genius of loftiest poesy in the artist's dream and through the sculptor's touch has restored his form and features. A Valentine has lifted the marble veil and disclosed him to us as we would love to look upon him—lying, the flower of knighthood, in “Joyous card.” His sword beside him is sheathed forever, but Honor's seal is on his brow, and Valor's star is on his breast, and the peace that passeth all understanding descends upon him. Here, not in the hour of his grandest triumph of earth, as when, 'mid the battle's roar, shouting battalions followed his trenchant sword, and bleeding veterans forgot their wounds to leap between him and his enemies, but here, in victory supreme over Earth itself, and over Death, its conqueror, he rests, his warfare done.

And as we seem to gaze once more on him we loved and hailed as Chief, in his sweet, dreamless sleep, the tranquil face is clothed with Heaven's light, and the mute lips seem to voice again the message that in life he spoke, “There is a true glory and a true honor; the glory of duty done, the honor of the integrity of principle.”

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[Written for the BIVOUAC.]

## ANSWER TO "BURY THE HATCHET."

The following bitter but lively exhibition of relentless hate is published not to show what wrongs were done, but to reveal one of the inevitable consequences of civil strife.

Nay, ask me not to love my foe;  
'Tis Christian-like and right, I know,  
And 'tis divinely great.  
Yet there's enough who will forgive;  
Then grant to me while yet I live  
The luxury to hate.

For well you know my mother dwelt  
Where peace and every joy was felt,  
And plenty blessed our board.  
But O! what utter ruin came  
From shot and sword and thirsty flame,  
From cruel Federal horde.

The beauteous fields like magic-spell,  
Cropped by ten thousand horses, fell  
Withered in one short night.  
And fragile forms who met the morn  
Houseless, and of each treasure shorn,  
Told of the fire-fiend's blight.

A mother broken-hearted, dead!  
Her children from the hearth-stone fled,  
Driven from home's sweet lea.  
Deprived of all that made life dear,  
Without an oar their barque to steer  
O'er life's unventured sea.

And O! the graves of sire and sons  
Who fought to save these tender ones,  
And fell to rise no more,  
Cry to my aching heart aloud,  
Cry from their soiled and blood-stained shroud,  
Cry from the "other" shore—

"Forgive them not!" To hide I'll try  
The bitter anguish and the sigh,  
And good for evil give.  
I'll breathe no murmur to the foe,  
Suppress the tears so prone to flow,  
But *can not* say forgive.

[Written for the BIVOUC.]

## ONE OF THE UNRECONSTRUCTED.

I am more and more struck with each successive visit to our big show. It has grown to huge proportions, and I confess that I feel a good deal of wholesome pride as I pause at the threshold of the entrance and see the word "Southern" spanning the portals above me, and then the many evidences within the beautiful building of the advancement, both agricultural and mechanical, from the barbarous lethargy into which the war was said to have plunged us. I look around upon it all "and feel that swelling of the heart" which I thought "I ne'er should feel again."

Now don't understand me to be holloaing for our side; not at all. I have been too well reconstructed for that. The old, imaginary border-line of those ancient incendiaries, Mason and Dixon, has long since been wiped out by the blood of heroes in blue and gray. I recognize the fact, as well as any other reconstructed man, that there is "no North, no South, etc." Things have gotten muchly mixed these latter days, the points of the compass seem to have slipped out of place somehow. I believe old Sol sticks it out on the same line, though he'll need reconstructing next.

In ambling through the streets the other day, searching for some diversion, I was brought to a sudden halt by the appearance, and I might almost say the voice, of a sentinel, in a doorway near me. I looked intently and for a moment, felt that I must be waking from a Rip Van Winkle nap; there stood Johnny Reb as big as life, indeed a good deal bigger, as if he might have been growing all these twenty years. The poor fellow had seen a sight of trouble though, for he had grown gray from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot.

I went up to get a nearer look. "Why, how d'ye do, old fell," says I, and looking around quickly, to see if I was observed, extended my hand; but he was too good a sentinel for that; he said never a word, just looked straight ahead. "Look here, my friend," says I again, feeling alarmed for his safety, "Have'n't you been reconstructed *yet?* for that old gun of yours wont be worth shucks if they catch you here in this plight." He had a "Federal" canteen suspended from his belt, but with that exception he was thoroughly C.S.A. I reckon he picked the canteen up after the battle of Manassas. His old slouch hat and musket at a "order arms" was true to life. I noticed presently that he was kind o' boxed up, as if they were afraid he might get loose. The mystery seemed growing greater. I

could stand it no longer. "For the Lord's sake, old comrade, tell me what you are doing here?" Then in a sepulchral tone of voice, heard only by myself, he explained that he was the first fruits of the seventeenth amendment, which condemned all surviving soldiers of the C. S. A., who could not or would not be reconstructed, to an eternal state of petrification, whose honorable duty should be to guard the last resting-place of the noble braves who fell in defense of their inalienable rights.

And there he stood "a perfect petrification of glory" waiting to be transferred to South Caroliná, to which field he had been assigned. I handed him my hat and walked off, fearing to trust myself longer in such an unreconstructed atmosphere. RE.

NOTE.—The author of above has allusion to the colossal size statue of a Confederate soldier in position of "rest," which has been so admired at the marble-rooms of Muldoon & Co., on Green Street, in this city. The statue is to be raised on a pedestal about thirty-five feet high and will be placed in the cemetery of Columbia, S. C., for the Ladies' Memorial Association of that city.

[Written for the BIVOUAC.

#### THE BAD YOUNG SOLDIER—HE NEVER TOLD A LIE.

In July, 1863, the ——— Kentucky Regiment of Cavalry, C. S. A., was encamped at Spring Creek, near Rome, Ga., enjoying a season of rest, earned by two years of unremitting service. Camp discipline was light and the boys were enjoying to the utmost their vacation from school, as they called it. There were no drills, only nominal guard duty and unlimited opportunities for foraging on the citizens about the camp, with whom the command soon became well acquainted. To the credit of the boys be it said, they paid their way and left both earnest friends and dearly-loved sweet-hearts behind them, when the skirmishing preliminary to Chickamauga took them from their pleasant quarters to the perilous edge of battle again. There was a good deal of rather bad whisky drunk by officers and men in those days, and the — Kentucky Cavalry furnished no exception to the rule. They did not care particularly for the whisky, but it was there in the neighborhood, and its character was such that if left unused it would sour on the hands of its owners, and we were too patriotic to permit such a disaster to occur. We quietly drank it to prevent its being wasted.

One day one of the boys in the — Kentucky regiment from Jef-

ferson County (whose name, as well as all others connected with this true narrative must be omitted because it is true), found his comrade too sick to drink his allowance of "pine top," and at once proceeding in a spirit of comradeship to the performance of double duty, drank it himself. To say that it warmed the inner chambers of his soul would be a mild way of stating a tangible and lively fact. He was the incarnation of a Kentucky thoroughbred, foot-loose and fancy free, out for a lark. His rambles through the camp soon brought him to the quarters of the lieutenant-colonel of the regiment. This officer had a fine and vivid imagination with a generous flow of words, and the combination was being worked to its fullest capacity when the young and patriotic soldier on double duty put in his appearance.

"I never told a lie in my life," was the remark the lieutenant-colonel was making as the patriot joined the circle. He heard it, took it in, digested it, and departed. Soon the camp rang with a voice that filled it, "Show me the man who never told a lie! Trot him right out here; I want him! I want to put him in a cage and show him to the admiring gaze of a large constituency! I'll put him on exhibition, charge an admission fee, pay off the Confederate debt, raise the blockade, and in six months collect a sum big enough to buy out the Federal army! Trot him out, I say; I want to see him! It's your duty to produce the man who never told a lie, because he is the rarest bird that ever winged his flight over these Southern swamps!"

A good deal more of the same sort followed this as the young soldier who had, in the meantime, generously relieved another friend of his patriotic "pine-top" duty, meandered through the camp. Of course the officer heard the uproar and understood its cause. At first he treated it as a joke, but as the outcry continued and the camp began to fully understand the demand for a sight of "the man who never told a lie," the joke became serious, and the officer of the guard was appealed to. A file of men started in search of the offender, and he started for the woods. The camp was on the bank of a stream, across this a dead pine tree had fallen, its top resting against a precipitous bluff almost a hundred feet high, forming the opposite bank of the stream. The tree was dead, its bark had fallen off, and it was almost without limbs, but it furnished the only avenue of escape. The youthful patriot was fond of double rations, but had no taste for double duty, and up this precipitous pine pathway he clambered. "Pine-top" got him into trouble, and pine-top and

a high hill had to get him out. Up the perilous way he climbed like a squirrel, and when the file of soldiers reached the base of the old tree he was serenely seated on the summit of the bluff, and, leaning forward, he mildly inquired of the officer in charge "if *he* ever saw a man who never told a lie?" The officer ordered him to come down, to which the wicked offender responded, "Wish I could, lieutenant, but I am afraid; I had a letter from General Wheeler yesterday in which he stated that good men were growing scarce in his army, and he wished me to take care of myself, so I can afford to take no risks."

In vain the officer ordered, begged, and implored the culprit to come down, but he was firm as the rock on which he sat, suggesting to his superior that the view from the elevated point was excellent, and inviting him to come up. Finally, the officer and men, disgusted with their failure, went back to headquarters, when the young culprit, from his airy height, delivered another address to his assembled countrymen, introducing the main features of his opening remarks which caused his flight. At its conclusion he sought a shady spot, and, lying down to pleasant slumbers, dreamed of his new plan for bringing the war to a close, and paying the Confederate war-debt. After a time, awakening, he found his way back to camp, but failed to find courage enough to retrace the dangerous pine-tree path which had no terrors to him a few hours before. Keeping close to his quarters during the remainder of the day, he went next morning to the quarters of his commanding officer, whom he really liked, and made the apologies due from one gentleman to another, and to the credit of the officer, he made no distinction of rank, but bringing forth his canteen sealed the new compact with a generous flow of the provoking cause of the episode.

Years have gone by! The young soldier has filled numerous places of trust, and is to-day the gray and bald father of a family. The officer, after serving well his people in civil stations, passed away:

His sword is rust, his bones are dust,  
His soul is with his God we trust."

E. P. J.

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THE OLD SOLDIER'S WAY.—"What is true bravery?" asks a New York paper. It is going to sleep while your wife sits up in bed to listen for burglars.

**REUNION OF FIRST BRIGADE KENTUCKY INFANTRY—OFFICIAL PROCEEDINGS.**

A second Reunion of the First Kentucky Brigade held at Masonic Hall. The meeting was called to order by Lieutenant Col. Hervey McDowell, Chairman, and opened with prayer by Capt. Wm. H. Stanly. The minutes of the first Reunion held at Blue Lick Springs last year were read by the Secretary, Capt. Jno. H. Weller, and approved.

General Wm. Preston delivered a welcome address, followed by addresses by Generals S. B. Buckner and Joseph H. Lewis. Letters were read expressing hearty sympathy from Hon. Jefferson Davis, Gov. Wm. B. Bate, Gen. Frank Cheatham, and Col. M. L. Stansel, Forty-first Alabama.

On motion the following committee was appointed on Organization, viz: Capt. T. J. Henry, Fifth Kentucky; Col. J. C. Wickliffe, Ninth Kentucky; Judge Thomas Owens, Fourth Kentucky; Maj. Joel Higgins, Second Kentucky; Adjutant Virgil Hewitt, Sixth Kentucky: Which made the following report:

We your committe, appointed to select officers to preside over the Reunion of First Kentucky Brigade, held at Lexington on Wednesday, September 5, 1883, respectfully recommend the following: *President*—Col. Hervey McDowell; *Secretary*—Capt. W. E. Bell.

(Signed by the Committee.)

Which report was adopted.

On motion of John W. Green, of the Ninth Kentucky, the following ladies were elected honorary members of Brigade, viz: Mrs. Emilie Ferrier and Mrs. Emilie L. Buchanan.

On motion the following committee was appointed to select the time and place for the next meeting of the brigade, viz: Judge W. L. Jett, Fourth Kentucky; Maj. Wynher, Fifth Kentucky; Capt. Ed. F. Spears, Second Kentucky; John W. Green, Ninth Kentucky; Capt. Wm. Stanly, Sixth Kentucky.

The committee recommended Elizabethtown as the place and September 19, 1884, as the time for the next annual Reunion, which was adopted.

Prof. Jos. Desha Pickett was called upon and addressed the meeting while the committees were preparing their reports, in his usual acceptable manner.

On motion the following committee was appointed to inquire into

the feasibility, and raise, if practicable, funds to erect monuments to Generals Roger W. Hanson and Ben Hardin Helm, viz: Norborne Gray, Ninth Kentucky; Dr. Wm. Dudley, Second Kentucky; Capt. Joe C. Bailey, Fourth Kentucky; Judge Thos. Owens, Fifth Kentucky; Adjutant Virgil Hewitt, Sixth Kentucky.

On motion, the thanks of this brigade are tendered the Honorable Judge of the Clark County Court for the use of the portrait of General Hanson for this occasion.

On motion, Virgil Hewitt was appointed chairman of a committee, "the other members of which to be selected by himself," for the purpose of making all necessary arrangements for the third annual Reunion of this Brigade at Elizabethtown, September 19, 1884.

The brigade was then formed and marched in a body headed by Generals Buckner and Lewis to the grave of General Roger W. Hanson in the Lexington Cemetery, where an address was made by Gen. Preston upon the character of Gen. Hanson, the ceremonies closing with prayer by Prof. Pickett. The brigade then re-visited the graves of Generals Breckinridge and Morgan, and then the meeting adjourned to meet at Elizabethtown September 19, 1884.

#### ROLL OF THE FIRST KENTUCKY BRIGADE REUNION AT LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1883.

##### FIELD AND STAFF.

Brigadier-General Joseph H. Lewis, Frankfort, Ky.; Fayette Hewitt, Frankfort, Ky.; J. Desha Pickett, Frankfort, Ky.; General S. B. Buckner, Hart County, Ky.; Brigadier-General Wm. Preston, Lexington, Ky.

##### SECOND KENTUCKY REGIMENT.

Colonel Hervey McDowell, Cynthiana, Ky.; Major Joel Higgins, Lexington, Ky.; Surgeon B. W. Dudley, Lexington, Ky.; Brigadier-General Wm. T. Withers, Lexington, Ky.; J. T. Hogg, Cynthiana, Ky.

*Company A*—Willis L. Ringo, Cynthiana, Ky.

*Company B*—Captain Robert J. Breckinridge, Louisville, Ky.; D. B. Worsham, Lexington, Ky.; Ed. Thomasson, Lexington, Ky.; Second Lieutenant J. C. Griffith, Oxford, Ky.; O. S. Bradley, Lexington, Ky.; J. S. McKensie, Keene, Ky.; John Montague, Lexington, Ky.; J. V. Emerson, Lexington, Ky.; J. S. Lonney, Lexington, Ky.; Mornix W. Virden, Spears, Ky.; J. E. Cromwell, Harrodsburgh, Ky.; York Keene, Slickaway, Ky.; L. D. Payne, Athens, Ky.; Henry C. Payne, Athens, Ky.; A. S. Carter, Lexington, Ky.; Charles Boler, Midway, Ky.

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*Company C*—F. W. Lane, Midway, Ky.

*Company E*—E. P. Meershon, Frankfort, Ky.

*Company F*—Thomas Cummins, Newtown, Ky.; Bruce Champ, Paris, Ky.; First Lieutenant H. M. Carpenter, Paris, Ky.; J. T. Howard, Cynthiana, Ky.

*Company G*—Captain E. F. Spears, Paris, Ky.; First Lieutenant James A. Allen, Paris, Ky.; John J. Corrington, Nicholasville, Ky.; Thomas York, Paris, Ky.; Pat. Punch, Mt. Sterling, Ky.; H. Spears, Paris, Ky.; James A. Allison, Woodlake, Ky.

*Company H*—Captain A. K. Lair, Georgetown, Ky.; S. T. Rawlins, Long Lick, Scott County, Ky.; Elijah Parker, Petersburg, Boone County, Ky.; Charles Herbst, Macon, Ga.; James Summers, Ludlow, Ky.

*Company I*—Captain Dan. Turney, Paris, Ky.; Captain Wm. E. Bell, Lawrenceburg, Ky.; Charles R. Tolle, Lexington, Ky.; E. D. Scrugham, Louisville, Ky.; J. C. Montfort, Lexington, Ky.; S. O. Hackley, Lawrenceburg, Ky.; John W. Crain, Lawrenceburg, Ky.; C. C. Lillard, Lawrenceburg, Ky.; J. A. McGuire, Lawrenceburg, Ky.

*Company K*—Wm. M. Vandell, Seguin, Texas.

#### FOURTH KENTUCKY REGIMENT.

Colonel J. P. Nuckols, Frankfort, Ky.; R. A. Thompson, Frankfort, Ky.

*Company A*—J. R. Fisher, Glasgow, Ky.

*Company C*—George Deifenberg, Louisville, Ky.

*Company D*—Captain John H. Weller, Louisville, Ky.; J. M. Herndon, Monterey, Ky.

*Company E*—Joseph Cole, Frankfort, Ky.; John Cardwell, Peytona, Ky.; Geo. W. Lawler, Ironton, Ohio; James H. Smith, Versailles, Ky.; E. R. Dawson, Versailles, Ky.; Jo. C. Bailey, Versailles, Ky.; Thos. J. Surrans, Lexington, Ky.; J. G. Crockett, Frankfort, Ky.; W. L. Jett, Frankfort.

*Company F*—Theodore Cowherd, Lagrange, Ky.

*Company G*—J. N. Carter, Clark's Creek, Grant County, Ky.

*Company H*—Captain Hugh Henry, Paris, Ky.; L. D. Young, First Lieutenant, Plum Lick, Ky.; J. P. Vaughan, Lawrenceburg, Ky.; C. E. Brown, Millersburg, Ky.; W. E. Knox, Carlisle, Ky.

*Company I*—Thomas Owens, Carlisle, Ky.; Henry W. Rau, Louisville, Ky.; Henry Craft, Louisville, Ky.

#### FIFTH KENTUCKY REGIMENT.

Major W. Mynhier, West Liberty, Ky.

*Company A*—Geo. Hendricks, Catawba, Ky.; W. R. Fryar, Second Lieutenant, Falmouth, Ky.

*Company B*—Captain Barry South, Frankfort, Ky.; E. C. Strong, First Lieutenant, Lost Creek, Breathitt County, Ky.; Sam. South, Frankfort, Ky.; Dan Baker, Mt. Sterling, Ky.

*Company C*—Captain Thos. J. Henry, Frankfort, Ky.; Milton Cox, First Lieutenant, West Liberty, Ky.; M. L. Johnston, West Liberty, Ky.; W. W. Lewis, West Liberty, Ky.; W. H. Manning, Henry, Morgan County, Ky.;



J. C. McGuire, White Oak, Morgan County, Ky.; J. D. Johnston, West Liberty, Morgan County, Ky.; W. F. Harens, Grassy, Morgan County, Ky.; Haydon Williams, West Liberty, Morgan County, Ky.; B. C. Stamper, Grassy, Morgan County, Ky.; Woodson Johnston, West Liberty, Morgan County, Ky.; David Jennings, Tolliversville, Morgan County, Ky.; John W. Jennings, Tolliversville, Morgan County, Ky.; Allen M. Barker, West Liberty, Ky.; Pat. Henry, Little Rock, Bourbon County, Ky.; W. S. Henry, Mt. Sterling, Ky.

*Company D*—First Lieutenant J. K. P. South, Jett, Franklin County, Ky.

*Company E*—G. W. Jamison, New Eagle Mills, Grant County, Ky.; Charles Bradley, Long Lick, Ky.

*Company F*—Captain J. M. White, Nicholasville, Ky.; First Lieutenant H. C. Musselman, Williamstown, Ky.; Lieutenant S. J. Eales, Burton, Kansas; Lieutenant Tilford Nare, Hanly, Ky.; J. G. Sandusky, Lexington, Ky.; Wm. Haydon, Lexington, Ky.; George W. Metcalfe, Harrodsburgh, Ky.; Robert C. Bowman, Spears, Ky.; Thomas Lynn, Turkey Foot, Scott County, Ky.; John T. Hawkins, Lexington, Ky.

*Company I*—Captain Joseph Desha, Cynthiana, Ky.; Jeff. Oxley, Nicholasville, Ky.; Coal Whitehead, Avena, Ky.; Charles W. Pope, Sylvan Dale, Ky.; M. D. Asbury, Kentontown, Ky.; A. J. McKinney, Falmouth, Ky.; W. T. Casey, Harilandsville, Ky.; B. A. Whittaker, Harilandsville, Ky.

*Company K*—Ben F. Rogers, Farmdale, Ky.; Jacob Williams, Frankfort, Ky.

#### SIXTH KENTUCKY REGIMENT.

Captain Wm. Stanley, Co. G., Cynthiana, Ky.; H. H. Kavanaugh, Frankfort, Ky.; Virgil Hewitt, Adjutant, Frankfort, Ky.; John F. Davis, Shelbyville, Ky.

*Company A*—Jesse F. Sedeasy, Lawrenceburg, Ky.; J. W. Kackly, Lexington, Ky.; B. S. Bennett, Elk Creek, Ky.; J. M. Stillwell, Taylorsville, Ky.

*Company G*—J. R. Wilson, Lawrenceburg, Ky.; Jas. Searcy, Salvisa, Ky.; M. F. Routt, Rippyville, Ky.; Geo. W. Humes, Frankfort, Ky.; John Coulter, Louisville, Ky.

#### NINTH KENTUCKY REGIMENT.

Lieutenant Colonel J. C. Wickliffe, Bardstown, Ky.; John W. Green, Louisville, Ky.

*Company B*—T. H. Ellis, First Lieutenant, Bardstown, Ky.; Norborne G. Gray, Lieutenant, Louisville, Ky.; J. S. Jackman, Louisville, Ky.

*Company D*—R. M. Wall, Lieutenant, Cynthiana, Ky.; Dr. A. J. Bealle, Cynthiana, Ky.; H. M. Keller, First Lieutenant, Cynthiana, Ky.; J. H. Taylor, Cynthiana, Ky.; J. W. Martin, Cynthiana, Ky.; D. W. Taylor, Cynthiana, Ky.; W. H. Whaley, Paris, Ky.; Alvin Agnew, Leesburg, Ky.; Wm. Hedger, Knoxville, Ky.; Thos. Snodgrass, Shawhan, Ky.

*Company G*—John W. Evans, Sonora, Ky.; William W. Badger, Hawesville, Ky.

#### BYRNE'S BATTERY.

J. W. Mason, Sonora, Ky.

## VISITORS.

W. W. McClure, W. W. Williams, Co. A, Second Kentucky Cavalry; Ed. Murphy, Old Fifth Kentucky, Captain May; D. L. Osborne, Giltner's Regiment; Wilmore Kendall, Courier John S. Williams; A. J. White, Captain Old Fifth Kentucky, Rowan County; M. G. Phillips, Old Fifth Kentucky, Johnson County; M. Syms, Old Fifth Kentucky, Rowan County; A. J. Morey, Seventh Confederate Regiment, "Cynthiana New;" S. G. Sharp, Eighth Kentucky Cavalry, Morgan, Lexington, Ky.; L. L. Prewitt, B, Fifth Kentucky Cavalry; Lieutenant W. B. Black, Co. E, First Kentucky Infantry; S. C. Jewell, Ninth Kentucky Cavalry, Morgan; W. P. Taulbee, visitor; S. W. Hayer, visitor; John R. Pope, First Kentucky Mounted Riflemen; General A. Buford, Second Division Forrest's Cavalry; General S. W. Ferguson, Jackson's Division Army of Tennessee; W. C. Davis, Co. B, Eighth Kentucky Cavalry; W. H. May, Forrest's Cavalry, Lexington, Ky.; W. O. Mize, State Senator; W. J. Crandiel, State Senator, Manchester, Ky.; Major A. M. McDowell, Forty-third Alabama Regiment, Infantry, Cynthiana, Ky.; Judge Jos. D. Hunt, Lexington, Ky.; S. F. Wilson, Ninth Kentucky Cavalry, Lexington, Ky.; General W. C. P. Breckenridge, Lexington, Ky.; Dr. M. S. Brown, Zollicoffer's Brigade; Gus. Jaubert, First Kentucky Regiment, Infantry, Co. A, Lexington, Ky.; Levi Hickey, Fifth Kentucky Cavalry, Scott County Ky.; James Tevis, Seventh Kentucky Cavalry; Stephen Jett, Kiddville, Clark County; W. C. Arnett, Fifth Kentucky Cavalry, Versailles, Ky.; C. H. Higbee, Shelby's Cavalry, Missouri; Quincy Burgess, Eighth Kentucky Cavalry; W. W. Batterton, D. Howard Smith's Regiment, Second Kentucky Cavalry; Jos. Duncan, Co. A. First Kentucky Battalion; John Duvall, Ninth Kentucky Cavalry; J. Stoddard Johnson, Breckenridge's Staff; W. J. Jones, Quirk's Scout's; J. P. Sacre, Eighth Kentucky Cavalry; A. Gilligan, Eighth Kentucky Cavalry; Captain W. T. Havens, Third Kentucky Cavalry, Mt. Sterling, Ky.

## THE BATTLE OF SALTVILLE.

BY T. L. BURNETT.

It was the purpose of the enemy, under Burbridge, to take the Salt Works and then form a junction with Gillem and destroy the lead and iron works, and then by rapid movement form a junction with Sheridan at or near Lynchburg. The success of these plans would have told heavily on our cause and on our country, but, thanks to the skill and valor of our officers and men, these schemes, so cunningly devised and so extensively planned, have failed; the enemy, with a large force, have been whipped, and his disorganized and scattered ranks driven from our lines.

Colonel H. L. Giltner, of the Fourth Kentucky Cavalry, met

the enemy, and for three days and nights, contested, with great energy, his advance; but his superior strength finally pressed the gallant Giltner and his men back on the Salt Works. We had by this time collected a little less than seven hundred reserves and a number of pieces of artillery. Colonel Trigg, of the Fifty-fourth Virginia, had volunteered his services, and was actively engaged in disposing of the forces when Brigadier-general A. E. Jackson arrived.

The enemy were now in our front in full force, with eleven regiments and eight pieces of artillery. The contest seemed almost hopeless, yet surrender would have been disgraceful.

All the ammunition belonging to the six-pound guns and much of that belonging to the small arms had been sent back the evening before nine miles distant, to Glade Spring. It seemed almost madness to yield, and yet destruction to contend. This was early in the morning, before ten o'clock. Just then, Brigadier-general John S. Williams, with his magnificent division, composed of three brigades, arrived. A new feeling and spirit at once came over the face of affairs. He promptly assumed command of all the troops present, and made his dispositions. The First Kentucky, Colonel Griffith, Tenth Kentucky, Colonel Trimble, Fourth Kentucky, Colonel Giltner, two battalions of reserves, Brigadier-general Robertson's brigade, Colonel Debrill's brigade, and Colonel Breckenridge's Ninth Kentucky Cavalry constituted our line of battle, extending from left to right in the order in which they are mentioned. We had also a number of pieces of artillery, well posted in redoubts, so as to command the enemy as he advanced. These were well served—all of them. The fight was severe along our wholeline, but the severest and most destructive was on our right. Colonel Debrill's brigade mowed down the advancing hosts of the enemy with terrible slaughter. All our troops behaved most admirably. The reserves acted well their part and deserve all praise; but the heaviest and severest portion of the fighting was done by General Williams's division and Giltner's brigade.

It is to Colonel Giltner, who held the enemy in check, and kept him back from the Salt Works for a period so long and to General Williams, who placed the troops and did the fighting on the day of the battle at Saltville, on the second instant, that the credit is due for saving the Salt Works, and incidentally, the country. It is to him, and the valor of the troops under him—Brigadier-general John S. Williams—that the credit of this glorious and important victory is due.

There was not a general present ranking him or one that assumed the responsibility of that important engagement, until the last gun was fired. And yet, strange to say, from the published accounts, made by telegraph and otherwise, no one would suppose that this gallant and distinguished officer was even present.

The loss of the enemy was very heavy—it could not have been less than seven hundred or eight hundred in killed, wounded, and missing. They left dead on the field one hundred and four white and one hundred and fifty-six negro soldiers, which were buried by the citizens the next day after the battle. The number of wounded and captured was much larger still.

The loss on our side was comparatively small—less than one hundred in number, killed and wounded. Among those who fell gloriously discharging their duty were Colonel Trimble, Tenth Kentucky Cavalry, and Lieutenant Crutchfield, of the same regiment. Their deeds of valor will long be remembered by their countrymen.

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[Written for the BIVOUC.

#### ADVENTURES OF A CONFEDERATE.

##### CHAPTER TENTH.

When Captain Harkins found that he had the heels of his pursuers and was rapidly leaving them behind, he had sufficient coolness of mind and wisdom to perceive the necessity of saving his horse as much as possible. Gradually he slackened his speed, until, seeing his adversaries had abandoned the chase, he brought his horse to a quiet trot. At this gait he proceeded onward, his mind full of gloomy misgivings and resentful thoughts over the defeat of the scheme, which he had of late fully believed would be accomplished without hindrance. Instead of feelings of gratitude for the narrow escape from a felon's doom which he had just made, and of solicitude concerning the fate of his gallant host, whom he had every reason to fear had fallen into the hands of the enemy, he harbored thoughts of the most vindictive character, and cursed bitterly the folly which had led him into the abandonment of a luxurious home, for the pursuit of what he now knew to be a wild and dangerous vagary. In the poignancy of his bitterness he momentarily forgot all about that other scheme, so lately the center of all his thoughts, of making Irene and her vast possessions his own. He longed for

something upon which to vent his spleen. He had recognized his principal pursuer as Abner Montholon, and had noted the eagerness with which Montholon had followed—the severity with which he had belabored his horse in the efforts made to overtake him. But he could not for “the life of him” understand why it was that Montholon should occupy the position of an enemy. Puzzle his brain as much as he would, no solution of the question presented itself. An intimate friend—a confederate—possessed of all their secrets; but lately, aye, even during the last night, in the midst of their most secret councils, and to-day amid the enemy, leading them even to the destruction of himself and the colonel. What could this mean? Plainly, Montholon had “gone back on them,” had been under the guise of friendship playing the spy. But wherefore? He was certainly a Unionist at first. No man could act and talk so sincerely in a cause, who did not at heart feel and believe in what he was saying and doing. Besides, the colonel who had known him from boyhood, knew and vouched for his fidelity. Yet, here he was, an enemy beyond a doubt. He could not account for it, so he gave it over in despair. Still, in abandoning the subject, he felt in some curious way that he himself was somehow mixed up in the cause of this mysterious conduct of Montholon, and he shuddered as he remembered the scowling look of hatred which he saw upon Montholon’s face as he watched him shake his fist in impotent fury when compelled to give up the chase. He mentally resolved if fate ever gave him the chance, he would make the scores between himself and Montholon even. By and by he quit thinking of him, and turned his attention to other matters. What was he to do? Here he was in a strange country alone. Where should he go and to whom should he turn for help and advice. He knew that the DeBoin family had left early the morning before for St. Augustine, but he knew nothing of the route by which they were to travel. So entirely had he believed in the unhindered success of their scheme, that he had not studied the topography of the country through which they proposed to travel, but had left that part of the plan altogether to the colonel, relying without question on his knowledge of the State to guide them safely to their intended destination. He was sorry enough now that he had done this, but it was too late to retrieve the error. He was pursuing an unknown road, in a direction, too, which he had been often told by members of the colonel’s family, led into a vast and uninhabited wilderness. Born and raised in a crowded city, he had not the first elements of a woodsman, and he was satisfied that he

would as certainly get lost as that two and two make four. He possessed not a particle of that woodcraft by which men in the forests are enabled to work their way to a given point as unerringly as a crow flies to her nest, and, cowardly by nature, he was filled with all those vague and shadowy fears with which the unknown and untried fill the fancy of children and women and suggest the worst possible to their terrified imaginations.

The road he was traveling was at best almost a blind trail, and was gradually getting blinder. Directed in its course here and there by a "blazed" place upon the pine-trees, easily followed by a native or person used to the woods, but difficult to a person raised in a city. Night, too, was rapidly approaching, and he had never spent an hour of darkness in the woods, alone, in his life. His imagination became crowded with thoughts of wild beasts, snakes, and crocodiles, and he trembled with the fears engendered by the situation. Suddenly the hooting of an owl smote upon his ear, and he brought his horse to a standstill, thinking it to be the war-whoop of savages, but a moment's thought told him the folly of such an idea, and a repetition of the sound enabled him to recognize the fact that it was a bird and not a man which produced them. The sun had gone down, night was rapidly closing in, his horse was weary; the distant call of the whippoorwill, and the dusky forms of the bats flitting across his path were all additional causes of alarm, when, all at once, the idea came into his mind, "What if his enemies had not abandoned his pursuit; what if they had only seemed to do so?" Knowing that he was ignorant of the country, they might, at this very moment, be taking a short cut to head him off, and at any instant he might unsuspectingly fall into an ambush and be captured. To be captured after what had transpired would be certain death. The thought almost maddened him with fear. But what could he do? How impotent and helpless did he feel, and utterly come to naught were all the fine speculations in which he had lately reveled. Lost in the maze of the difficulties aroused by his distorted fancy, he had been for the last few minutes unobservant of the direction his horse had taken. Now he was awakened from this condition by the animal stopping to drink, when he found, to his horror, that the trail was no longer visible; that he had unknowingly left it. But on which side? It was impossible for him to tell, nor could he remember exactly the last time he noticed the trail. In all directions around him, wherever he could see through the approaching darkness, an immense forest of pines greeted his vision. He felt like some lost soul in the

wilderness, and he then registered a vow that if he ever got out of this scrape, he'd see the world well lost before he entered another. He could do nothing now but let his tired horse take his own course. He must, he thought, have traveled twenty miles or more, though, in fact, he had gone little more than half that distance. Onward then he went, until an hour or two later he saw, glimmering through the trees, the glassy surface of a lake. A moment or two longer, and he found himself in a road running along its shores. A short distance further, and to his great relief he recognized the overseer's house on the colonel's plantation. The horse, left to himself, had returned home. To dismount and reconnoiter carefully before venturing in was a matter of course. Finding the coast clear he knocked gently on the door, was recognized and admitted. The overseer informed him that the affair had become already known all over the country; that a party of the soldiers had visited the plantation searching every where for the conspirators, and had gone away leaving a guard at the colonel's residence; that it was dangerous for him to remain, and the sooner he left the better, as the guard had already been at his (the overseer's) house twice, and there was no telling what moment they might come again. Captain Harkins begged for something to eat, a fresh horse, and a guide to put him on the right road for St. Augustine. This the overseer told him he would furnish, saying, at the same time, "I do this because I can not forget the friendship I have for the old colonel, though I want you to understand, Captain Harkins, that I am a Confederate out and out, but I intend to look after the colonel's interests here, and you can tell him if you see him again that they shan't come to harm if Ben Brooks can help it. I'll do what you wish, but it's only because you have bin stopping with him, though I'm mortally opposed to all sich doings as you and he have been up to this day. If it weren't for that I'd give you up this night, sure as my name's Ben Brooks," and the honest man struck his fist heavily on the table near which he was standing.

While delivering this speech, Harkins, as white as a sheet, said, in supplicating tones, "For God's sake don't do that Mr. Brooks; those fellows would kill me! Here, sir, here is my purse; take it all, but for Heaven's sake don't turn me over to those bloodthirsty devils!"

"Keep your money to yourself," replied Brooks, pushing the extended hand of Harkins away. "I don't want any of your silver or your gold. Ben Brooks is a man as can do his duty without pay,

when he knows what that duty is. You hurry up and eat this cold vittles, while I go and see about a horse and some one to show you the way, and don't you open this door on no account before I get back. Whar did you leave Black Bet" (that was the horse Harkins had been riding).

"Outside, hitched to the fence," said the captain. With this Brooks departed on his errand. Captain Harkins gulped down a few mouthfuls of cold food; but full of suspicions, like all cowardly persons under similar circumstances, of what Brooks might do, he became afraid to remain in the house, so he quietly slipped out-of-doors and hid himself in a clump of bushes near the road, determined to await the issue of events where he could have a chance of making his escape, should his suspicions assume the expected shape. He fully imagined that Brooks would betray him into the hands of his enemy.

But it was not long before the overseer returned with a fresh horse, and accompanying him was one of the plantation negroes named Newt, whom Harkins had often seen around the colonel's stables—a bright, mulatto boy about sixteen years of age, and possessing much more than the ordinary intelligence of negroes. As soon as the captain saw that all was right, he came out of his hiding-place, much to Brooks's surprise, and after servilely thanking the overseer for what he had done, mounted the horse, while Newt mounted a mule which he had been leading, and both stood ready to leave. "Mind now, Newt, you take this gentleman 'round the southern part of the lake and put him in the Leesburg road. He can't miss that once he gits in it, and when you gits about a mile beyond the lower end of the lake, captain, you take the left hand, which will take you to Stark's Landing, on the Ocklawaha River, whar you kin git across on the ferry and you can also git directions whar to go; but you better be mighty keerful when you come to the ferry, for fear some of the boys may be watching out for you. And you be back by daylight," this last to Newt, just as they started.

When Montholon and his party abandoned the chase, it was as Captain Harkins surmised, only apparently. The last thing in Montholon's mind was giving up the pursuit. He was as resolutely revengeful as ever, and just as much determined to run his rival to earth, but he saw that Harkins had the best horse and that there was no earthly chance to effect his capture or even to get near enough to shoot him by the pursuit they were then engaged in. So, no matter how bitterly he might regret it, he was compelled for the moment to



abandon the chase. After they had turned back, he left Captain Fletcher's company and struck out for home. He reckoned on Harkins's ignorance of the country, and knew that if he continued the course he had taken he would before another day be inextricably lost in the swamps and wilderness which lay to the south of Lake Weir. On the other hand, he might turn in to the left and come back to the colonel's place. His ultimate destination must be St. Augustine, for thither the colonel's family had gone and Harkins would be sure to follow in Irene's wake. At any rate, he, Montholon, would have ample time to get a fresh horse and make the necessary arrangements for the long chase which he believed was before him before he had accomplished the object which he had proposed to himself. His home was but a few miles off and he reached it in due time.

He had a fine black-and-tan deer-hound, which had been trained to follow the track of any person or animal that he was put upon and he would do it as long as he could go. This hound Montholon proposed taking with him, hoping much from his aid. He set diligently to work preparing for his trip, filling a pair of saddlebags with provisions and arranging his ammunition together with everything which he considered needful for such a journey. By nine o'clock, or bedtime, he was all ready for the start, had bidden his parents good-bye, telling them only that he would be gone a week or two on a hunt, and mounting his horse, shouldering his gun, and whistling to his dog, he rode off into the darkness, little heeding or dreaming of the miserable events which lay hidden in the womb of the future. At first he had made up his mind to take up Captain Harkins's trail where he and Fletcher's men had turned back, but on maturer thought he concluded that before he did so, he would visit Oak Grove on the idea that Harkins might have returned thither. If so, he would be saved a long and tedious ride, and might even run his prey to earth at that point, so he made directly for the colonel's plantation, which he reached shortly after Harkins had left. The first thing he did was to go to the stables and examine the horses. Here, to his extreme joy, he found Black Bet, and her appearance, so far as he could discover from the dim light of the moon, which had just begun to rise, showed that she had only very lately been stabled. He at once came to the conclusion that Harkins was on the place, probably at the "big house," as the dwelling-houses on large plantations are usually called, snugly in bed. His next act, therefore, was to go up to the dwelling and cautiously reconnoiter.

Sounds of revelling met his near approach and he soon discovered the guards left by Captain Fletcher's command, seated around a table in the large verandah, making merry over some of the colonel's best wine, which the corporal in charge of the squad had ordered brought from the cellar. They were making themselves perfectly at home, and were already in that hilarious condition which made them feel victorious over all the ills of life. Montholon did not care to join them under present circumstances, therefore he slipped by unperceived and entered the house. He doubted very much the presence of his foe, but still he determined to solve that doubt by a thorough examination. He found the doors of the house all open and soon satisfied himself that he must look elsewhere for "his bird." He went next to the house of Brooks, the overseer. Here every thing was dark and silent, but a vigorous rapping soon brought Brooks to the window. From him Montholon learned that Captain Harkins had come to the plantation, exchanged Black Bet for a fresh horse, and left, but exactly when or in what direction Brooks would not say further than that he believed the captain intended reaching the Yankee lines if possible. Nor could all the art and ingenuity of Montholon elicit any thing further. With this therefore he was obliged to rest contented. He returned to the stables where he had left his horse, mounted, and rode off by the north end of Lake Weir, taking the nearest route for St. Augustine, intending to cross the Ocklawaha at Weiss's Landing and the St. John's at Ft. Gates, thence across Dennis's Creek around the upper end of Crescent Lake, directly to the Matansas River, at which point he would "head off" Captain Harkins, should he have traveled the lower and more circuitous way. If the captain was traveling this route, Montholon reckoned upon overtaking him this side of Matansas. The distance from Oak Grove to St. Augustine, by the lower road was over one hundred and forty miles, the distance by the one Montholon went, was about a hundred and seven, a difference of nearly a day's travel between them. So that it is easily perceived Montholon had much the advantage and his expectations of overtaking his enemy were quite reasonable.

We will leave him to pursue his silent way. Captain Harkins had, by many an argument and persuasion induced Newt to abandon the idea of returning home and to accompany him to the Federal lines. It was a long while before Newt would listen to the golden hopes held out for his seduction, but after a time he ceased to struggle and eventually agreed to go with Harkins in the capacity

of a servant. He would not probably have yielded, had he not known that his "mammy" and his mistress were in St. Augustine, where in all likelihood his old master would soon be. So he yielded, and he and Harkins jogged along through the "flat woods" feeling perfectly secure under the idea that as they had neither saw or heard any thing further from Captain Harkins's pursuers they had entirely given o'er the chase.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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#### LETTER FROM TENNESSEE.

COLUMBIA, TENN., *September 10, 1883.*

MESSRS. MARRINER & McDONALD, Louisville, Ky.:

EDITORS OF BIVOUAC: You have sent me every copy of the BIVOUAC since its first number, and I am much interested and pleased with it.

Your circular and prospectus of the BIVOUAC contains sentiments that should be cherished and entertained by every old soldier, be he Federal or Confederate, Yankee or Rebel.

You say, "The BIVOUAC appreciates the value of annals, but it seeks something more. It means to reproduce and preserve in book form, as far as practicable, the life and body of Confederate times. It is believed that the soldiers of neither side desire the remembrance of that period to perish. Its very bitterness has its lessons, while the good and brave deeds that adorned it are the precious heritage of our common country."

"If it matters little what the world may say, it is surely of importance what their children may think. They owe it not only to their descendants, but to the Republic, that the motives which impelled them to engage in secession shall not be misunderstood.

"But the survivors of the 'Lost Cause' can, least of all, afford to be silent. The fairest history a victor may write never does justice to the cause of the conquered.

"Contributions from both sides are solicited, but especially from those who are the links between the old and the new, and who keep deep graven in their hearts the memory of a past which 'thou dead, yet speaketh.'"

The above sentiment should be in each and every heart. No selfish purpose or sordid motive guided the men who fell in that unequal contest. They went to death as cheerfully as the old

reformers who sang a hymn on the eve of battle, or our forefathers who fought for the broad principles of liberty at the battle of Cowpens, King's Mountain, and Yorktown, over a hundred years ago. They were of the same kith and kin as the men who fought under General Jackson, and those who marched across the alkaline plains of Mexico, and planted the stars and stripes on the halls of the Montezumas. Who can say that our fallen comrades were less patriotic or entitled to less honor? No costly inclosure, no glittering shaft, no forms in marble molded by the classic hand of art mark their last resting-place. No sentries save the trees that grow in God's free air, and the stars that glitter in the heavens at night keep watch over their lowly graves. The birds, insects, and gentle breezes sing their requiem. Heroic and brave in war, in time of peace they became the best citizens; and if the adjustment of political and sectional questions had been left to those who wore the blue and the gray, complete reconciliation and good feeling would have long ago pervaded our land. The true Confederate soldier to-day loves the Union as much as he who fought under the stars and stripes.

Respectfully,

SAM. R. WATKINS.

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LETTER FROM FRED. JOYCE, COMPANY D, FOURTH KENTUCKY INFANTRY.

LEXINGTON, *Sept.* 5, 1883.

DEAR BIVOUAC: We are happy and proud to-day in this old town of Henry Clay memory, for there stands his monument in grand beauty, wooing the fleeting clouds; near by the lowly grave of our idol, John C. Breckinridge; and a little further on the no less cherished Hanson. All around the far-famed bluegrass invites the world to peace and plenty. We are sad, we are joyful, we are happy, yet we drop the tear of grief again over our beloved.

Here is Mrs. Roger Hanson, too brave and dauntless to give way to a loss at once desolating and irreparable, going about doing good to the living who were disabled and orphaned. And we remember Mrs. Ben Hardin Helm, the patient heroine who follows our fortunes as she did when the form of her gentle-faced husband went down at the head of the "Orphan Brigade."

And we remember our cheerful Fannie Breckinridge (now Mrs. John A. Steele, of Woodford), true and faithful as the name she

wears. God bless you for the love you bear us. We trust God will some day give Kentucky as great a man as your father was; and may He fill Kentucky with good, Christian, dutiful women like yourself. Ah, it is hard to tell how we feel to-day. Wait till I grasp the remaining hand of my empty-sleeved comrade just arrived. So, but not yet, here is another who has hung his cane on his crutch-arm and waits to greet me. Steady—will we laugh or cry? He solves it, for out comes the ringing laugh, and I vow 'tis the same I heard as he led the charge at Murfreesboro. Yes, I know, you came back that day minus a leg, but you are as light-hearted as ever. How are you, Hugh, and Ed, and all of you. It seems like fancy to be again with our best beloved and hear them talk and laugh, and see the tears standing in their eyes when we speak of the dead.

A comrade has just shown us a wee bit of our battle-flag, only three or four inches square, yet it has two bullet-holes through it. We cluster around and look at it reverently. Ah, what thoughts come up—where are the hands that bore the old flag aloft? Buried with our cause, in glory, but not forgetfulness, we trust.

Now Gen. Preston is on the stand speaking to us—ringing up the curtain of the past. We laugh, and cry, and applaud, and are still. But as he speaks—I declare we must be dreaming—in comes Buckner, Lewis, Pickett, Hewitt, and a score of our old comrades. Now for the old yell; again and again the shout goes up as they are ushered to the front. Buckner, Lewis, and Pickett (the old chaplain) address us amid varying scenes of emotion. All of them white-headed and venerable looking. Hardly any of us without silver in our locks. The larger part of us have gone across the river, and the remnant will follow soon.

Now we form in line, regiment by regiment—Second, Fourth, Fifth, Sixth, Ninth, and with Generals Buckner and Lewis mounted in front, we march to the cemetery, where with bowed heads we listen to the eulogy pronounced over the dead and put evergreens on their graves.

I like these reunions. It is pleasant to meet our old friends who have stood side by side with us and shared the danger of battle, the pleasures of camp, the toilsome march, and restful bivouac. Yes, and literally the last crust, or the full haversack. It is said with truth that war will bring out the character of a man quicker than any thing else. We were fortunate in finding so many good true men as we had with us. No wonder we love them and feel bound to them as if with ties of blood.

I met a man who when he had a pone of corn bread no larger than an apple, or a slice of bacon no larger than your two fingers, would no more think of eating it till he knew my situation than we would think of trying to rob a poor old widow, at this day, of the last thing she owned. I believe he secretly worked to keep me better supplied than himself. You remember how we used to sit down with all earnestness to a small piece of bread and meat, and our canteens full of swamp-water? Yet we ate and carried the delusion still further by being satisfied. We would eat and go to bed on the ground hungry, awake in the morning hungry, march all day hungry, and fight all the next day hungry, and still hungry after the battle, and hungry till our faces became pinched and wan, and our belts so loose that we had to cut new holes in them for the buckles every once in a while. Don't you deny it, old "pard," that you told me a story after Chickamauga about you having had your supper and made me eat that biscuit and slip of bacon. You know I accidentally found out from a poor wounded Yankee boy the next day that you had given him precisely the same as you gave me. Don't I know you had nothing left for yourself? Yes, you say, let it pass, it's nothing. You have not forgotten the times when we had full skillets and camp-kettles in regular camp? What though our toes grinned at each other across the fire, through our gaping shoes, and our ragged clothes were too thin to protect us properly from the weather.

We were gay, and happy, and indulged in all the sarcasm and repartee that the rich enjoy in their opulence. Woe to him who fell under the keen blade of a "Johnny Reb.'s" wit. In our mess were "Wild Bill," "Devil Dick," the "Blue Sow," the "Man Who Would Ride the Mule," "Cold Victuals," the "Old Hen," and the "Too He Man." We lived well enough when any thing existed in five miles of camp.

And so it goes, Messrs. Editors; we are living the old times over and enjoying it. But the end is come, and we part to meet again in Elizabethtown September 19th, 1884.

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DO YOU WANT TO LIVE FOREVER?—On one occasion Colonel Harvey McDowell was leading a skirmish line, and the men didn't move along briskly enough to suit him. He cried to them, "Move up, men, move up! Do you want to live forever?"

## Youths' Department.

[Written for the BIVOUAC.

### SPARKING DURING THE WAR.

My brigade was camped near the town of ———, in Georgia, in the fall of 1863. One of the soldiers (Charles Gardner) invited Captain E. and myself to go to a party at the house of a relative of his. At the earnest solicitation of Captain E., I consented to go, though not till after trying every way I could to beg off. The fact is I was, at that time, a fearfully bashful young man, though fond of dress, and having a very high idea of the dignity of rank. I refused point blank to go except in borrowed plumes. Accordingly, the brigade-inspector's new uniform and a paper collar were procured for my outfit. About dusk we reached the house where the party was given. Horses were hitched all about in the yard; and there were wagons in the orchard, and quite a crowd standing about the front and side doors. Gardner marched us straight into the house, and just as I was studying how to make my best bow to the hostess, he said, waving his hand, "Take seats, gents, and make yourselves at home." On the opposite side of the room from us, in chairs arranged in line of battle, sat about twenty girls. I knew they were there by instinct, for I never dared to look that way. At the door were congregated (some inside and some outside) the sturdy gallants, sons of the neighboring farmers, and many of them privates in my regiment. Captain E. and myself were the only males who were seated, and were, on account of our brilliant uniforms, "the observed of all observers." Presently Gardner started to leave us. I remarked, in an undertone, "You haven't introduced us to the hostess." "To what?" said he. "To your distinguished relative," said I. "O, you mean Aunt Sally," said he; "don't bother yourself about her, she is in the kitchen baking cakes." For twenty minutes after that we sat there, overcome with conscious guilt; the girls whispering and the young men stalking around the door eyeing us fiercely. It was positive torture. "Why don't somebody

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introduce somebody?" said I to Captain E. "O, dry up!" said he, it'll be all right directly; wait till the Gyroscutus comes in." "They are not going to play circus, surely," said I, fixing my eyes upon the door. Just then a tall youth bounced into the room with a large handkerchief all knotted at one end, and began beating the young men over the head, crying out, "Seize your partners!" I was thunderstruck. Every man rushed frantically at the female line of battle, and there were shrieks, and laughter, and a general scuffle. "Git your gal!" said one, as he ran by me pursued by the handkerchief-fiend. On seeing me the latter turned and rained blows about my ears. Blinded and confused, I was about to break for the door, when a pretty little girl ran right into my arms. Then the demon left me, in search of more victims. As soon as I could disentangle myself from my preserver, I said, "Really, madam, I owe you a thousand thanks." "Kiss your partners!" yelled the handkerchief-demon. "Excuse me!" said I, driven beyond all bounds of propriety by the sight of the demon striding toward me. "Hurry up!" said she, and—well, there was no help for it—I obeyed orders. The exercises of the evening were beginning to do away with my embarrassment, and I waited for the next command of the drill-officer, with a proper degree of attention. "My dear," said I, becoming frisky, "It is a delightful evening, and the hilarity of the occasion—" "Kiss your partners three times!" yelled the officer of the day. It was awful, but what could a gentleman do? I began, and never stopped to count, when a rousing box on the ear, from the girl, and a shower of blows from the man with the handkerchief, brought me to a position of attention. "Mind your racket!" said he, "and kiss just the times you are told to; we don't want no supe putting on airs here." To console the young lady, who seemed greatly mortified, he continued, "Never mind, Jenny, you can go for him in the dog scene!" I had noticed a large, ferocious-looking, crop-eared bulldog skulking about the yard as I came in, and my thoughts were none of the sweetest at this remark. I now began to watch nervously, expecting every moment to be my last.

"Change partners!" shouted the officer of the day. Suddenly I felt myself violently seized, was pulled backward out of my chair, trampled upon, and run over several times before rising. The first thing I saw was the terrible handkerchief. Thinking any port in a storm would do, I broke desperately for a solitary female in black sitting in a corner, and escaped by the skin of my teeth. After a short breathing spell, a chair was brought and placed in the middle of the room, and a young lady was seated in it.



"What are they going to do now?" said I to the lady in black. "Play dog!" said she. "Does he bite?" I asked, in a tone of indifference. "Whatever do you mean?" said she, giggling; "the dog is a gent, you know."

Presently one of the gentlemen was selected. He had to get down on all fours and approach the lady in the chair, barking like a dog. If she said, "Get out!" the "dog" was belabored till he found a partner. If she hung her head and said nothing, the representative of the canine species kissed her and led her off in triumph. After a few turns Miss Jennie took the seat of honor, and when I saw the officer of the day busily making the knot of the handkerchief harder, I knew my time had come. I was called first, and went like a martyr to the stake. At the first howl the death-sentence was uttered, and the machine of torture descended. I arose with difficulty, fell, and rose again, and at last, after leaving a track of ruin behind, reached the solitary female in the corner. The thing was growing monotonous, but I forgot my aching head while laughing at others who were treated in a similar way. After many other plays, quite as lively, such as "here we go round the gooseberry bush," and "passing through the bridge," the company broke up, and our party went back to camp.

STRAGGLER.

#### A PIECE OF GOOD LUCK.

In the fall of '63, after the return to Virginia of the Confederate army from the battle of Gettysburg, Stewart's cavalry was encamped in Culpeper County for some two or three weeks, and there being little or no grain, orders were issued that our horses be grazed during the day and tied up when night came on, ready for any emergency, as the enemy was not far off on the north side of the Rappahannock River, and an advance was hourly expected.

There was a private in our company *par excellence* the lazy man of the regiment, who neither curried nor fed his horse (but by some means he was always curried and fed); a happy-go-lucky fellow whom every one loved and whom every one took care of. It would make you laugh to see the lazy attitudes he could assume in camp or on the march. Well, of course, *he* cheerfully obeyed orders to turn loose his horse to graze. Nothing suited him better than to be relieved of the responsibility of caring for a horse. He was a large sorrel horse, fat as a seal—how he kept fat no one ever knew—with a

very large white spot in his forehead, and known familiarly throughout the regiment as "Old Bolly."

He was turned loose to graze the first day we went into camp in Culpepper County, but of course not tied up at night, and finally, after some lazy and ineffectual attempts to find his horse, our lazy comrade gave him up as gone for good. The whole company assisted in the search for several days, but nothing could be seen or heard of him. About three weeks afterward, a very dark night, when you could scarcely see your hand before your face, the bugle sounded to "saddle up," as the enemy had crossed the river and was advancing rapidly. It did not seem to disconcert our philosophic friend at all; he, however, quietly remarked that he was going to put his saddle and bridle on the first loose horse he could find, and, having found one, shortly afterward he fell into line, and when day dawned he found himself seated on *his own horse*, "Old Bolly," and the company gave a yell.

"Co. D."

#### A HOLIDAY SOLDIER.

Thomas G—— was a well-to-do farmer, who, at the first sound of the martial drum gallantly shouldered his musket. In appearance he was every inch a soldier. A giant in stature, with the "front of Jove himself," and a voice deep and musical, he impressed the beholder as one born to command, and certain to make for himself a brilliant future.

When his company was ordered to leave the mountains of North Carolina to join a regiment about to set out for the front at Manassas his heart fairly jumped for joy. On the march his example of cheerful fortitude encouraged the weary and homesick. At drill he was prompt and showed a keen relish for all the exercises of mimic war. At one of the camps where his regiment stopped for a few days there was a sham fight, in which deafening volleys of guns loaded with blank cartridges struck terror to the hearts of admiring maids and matrons. Amid the smoke of musketry, the tall form of Thomas G—— was always seen full on the front; and far above the roar of battle was heard his war-cry. His name was on every tongue; lovely girls pressed forward to get a near view of his warlike figure and to listen to the accents of his speech, as he described the duties of a patriot and the fascinations of war.

Before the plains of Manassas were reached he had already climbed several rounds of the ladder of fame.

He rose rapidly through the various grades of rank, and finally reached that of third lieutenant. "If the war would only last sixty days, G—— would be a colonel," every body said.

Lieutenant G—— now put on the uniform to which his rank entitled him. It was brand new and blazing with decorations. If before he was magnetic, now he was dazzling.

Such gifts of fortune were enough to turn any body's head, and G—— was no exception to the rule. If the truth must be told, he was transformed. From a youth of pardonable vanity, he became an insufferable coxcomb and bully. But, withal, he had a magnificent way. Subordinates admired, while they feared him. Occasionally he would lay aside his dignity and talk familiarly with the men. Then he was overpowering. With a small stick he would draw on the ground his plan of taking Washington, and made the thing appear so easy that the bystanders seemed to feel that *he* ought to be in command of the army. Such, however, was not the opinion of Jimmy C——, a modest stripling whose admiration for Lieutenant G—— was boundless, but whose gentle heart shrank from the bloody aspect of battle, as presented by him.

Jimmy said, "I tell you, boys, the lieutenant is too much like a lion; he don't know what fear is, and if ever he commands the army he'll be certain to lead it into some pit of destruction."

One day, during one of these familiar talks, Lieutenant G——, after demonstrating for about the twentieth time how easy it was to take Washington, burn Philadelphia, and plant the Southern flag on Boston Heights, angrily threw away his stick and said, "I tell you, boys, it wouldn't do for me to have command of this army."

"Why? Why?" said Jimmy C——, evidently expecting a reply that would confirm his worst suspicions.

"Because," said Lieutenant G—— in sepulchral tones, "I would raise the black flag and show no quarter."

The oppressive silence with which this remark was received showed that the listeners were beginning to think with Jimmy C—— that it would never do to make G—— commander-in-chief.

At last the memorable twenty-first of July came, the day of the battle of Bull Run (First Manassas). At morning's dawn the long roll was beaten—a fearful sound to an old soldier, but a joyful one to Lieutenant G——, who had not yet sounded the depths of his strength.

The roar of distant cannon and the dropping fire of the skirmishers mingled with the rolling of the drum. "Fall in!" cried the

captain in steady accents. "Fall in!" cried Lieutenant G—— in a voice of thunder. "By fours, march!" "Double quick, march," and they went toward the battle-front. The bombs began to burst unpleasantly near, and men bleeding and mangled were carried by on stretchers. The stream of bloody figures increases, and the moaning of the wounded lends horror to the scene. "Close up!" cries Lieutenant G—— encouragingly, and the sound of his manly voice is a soothing balm to drooping spirits. Right toward the center of the line they marched and soon were in the midst of the conflict.

At last the happy moment had come for Lieutenant G——. He wanted to get at the Yankees and to taste of gore. There they were now, *coming*. "What! charging *us*?" he cried in amazement. "Steady, boys!" The thunder of the big guns might be sublime, but what noise is this zip, zip? The earthquake nor the storm appalled him, but this terrible small voice, as the men fell from a galling flank fire, covered his limbs with a cold sweat. What was glory when his body must soon be food for worms? Where were the banners and the music and the shouts of victory, of glorious battle, as painted in the Mountain Echo, his county paper? This was not war, it was murder. "Steady, boys!" he cried, with one last expiring effort to play the hero. Then, as the man next to him threw up his hands and fell with a shriek, Lieutenant G—— sprang to the rear and dashed for dear life through the bushes. On came the shot and shell crashing and screaming in hot pursuit. Amid the smoke and the thunder of the conflict the cowardly flight of Lieutenant G—— was unobserved. For hours the battle raged, and the dead lay thick on the ground. Where was Jimmy C——, the timid boy? Let him speak for himself. "As we went in and I saw the bloody faces of the wounded, it was awful. Every thing was of the color of blood. I wanted to see my mother. Every bomb seemed to come within an inch of my head. At last we got into line. I was so scared I could hardly stand up. But when the bullets came they made me mad. After the first fire I was all right."

"What became of Lieutenant G——?" said I.

"Well," said Jimmy, "when the fight was over and I could not find him we all thought he was dead. I was detailed with two men to search for the body; but we could not find it. Next day Cousin John Benton came into camp and said Lieutenant G—— was at a house about four miles in the rear. Cousin John's regiment had been cut all to pieces and he had given up fighting. While he was sitting on a log taking a rest he heard something coming through the bushes

like a mad bull; that he looked up and saw Lieutenant G—— tearing along. 'Hello, G——,' said Cousin John, 'Yankees coming?' 'O, no,' said G——, at once strutting up, the fight's pretty much over. 'The fact is,' said he, stopping for a moment, and looking back like a scared rabbit, 'I am no machine and I am worn out. In fact, I am sick and am going to the hospital. But, John,' he continued, as he was about to leave him, 'you've had a good rest. You hear *that?*' as the roar of the conflict was borne on the wind. 'Those infernal scoundrels are coming again. Go back, John, your country needs your services.' Cousin John says that G—— left him there walking briskly, but that presently a stray bomb came roaming around through the air as if looking for somebody, and that the last he saw of Lieutenant G—— was he was running like a quarter horse toward the rear."

"Well, I swow," said old Corporal Sims, who was standing by, "don't it beat all? He was the very fellow who said he would show no quarter, and he didn't show none but hindquarters."

COMPANY F.

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#### ALF, THE LAST CONFEDERATE.

Alf was the cook and factotum for our mess. He was a negro about forty years old, thick-set, bow-legged, and high-headed. His face was of ebony hue and dull in repose, but when moved by the subtle spirit of humor within, seemed radiant with an intellectual glow. He was the life of the company. No calamity could depress him, no good fortune turn his head. When the food was poor his wit gave it a relish, when it was good his exulting song increased our joy. Alf was a negro unkempt and greasy, a menial of humble mien, but he was a philosopher of great resources, and, when the occasion demanded it, a man of genius. His humor was grim, deep, and magnetic. To a stranger his sayings seemed the wandering thoughts of a darkened mind, but soon his bold figures and fantastic imagery arrested attention. At first you would smile just a little; by and by the very sight of Alf would give you the heart-ache. Alf sober kept the mess in a roar, but Alf half drunk convulsed the company with laughter. Many a time Alf got the last drop in the company. It was in the nature of an investment. The convivial effect of one drink for Alf was nearly equal to one apiece for the crowd. Whenever Alf was light he preached. His style was a travesty of all dull preachers, but of one in particular, a learned divine

not unknown to fame. Many of the soldiers had never heard this antitype of Alf's, yet they laughed all the same till the tears ran down their cheeks. The charm of his eloquence was not so much mimicry or sallies of wit, for he would never condescend to the vulgar efforts that "split the ears of groundlings." His power lay in a steady but impassioned flow of unintelligible nonsense adorned with gestures of overpowering dignity and a cast-iron expression of conscious holiness. After the sermon, Alf always took up a collection. This was not only a proper part of the fun, but was a condition precedent for holding forth. He would never disgrace the cloth, he said, by preaching for nothing.

I come now to the most remarkable part of Alf's career. A few months before the close of the war Alf was captured. Since he was widely known as a "secesh nigger," his liberty was offered to him upon condition of his taking the oath of allegiance. He refused, saying he had fought through the war and would die a true Confederate. He was so loud in his denunciations of the "Yankees" that he was put in the Cumberland jail, and was not released till six months after the surrender. Hearing of his imprisonment and finding myself in his neighborhood in the summer of '74, I interviewed him at Romney, West Virginia.

"Alf," said I, "is it a fact that you were kept in jail on account of disloyalty six months after the close of the war?"

"In course," said he. "If you all had had the true grit like me and fit it out, we'd been free men now."

"Surely," said I, "when General Lee laid down his arms you could afford to give up."

"No sir," said he, "I went in for an *in*dependent Confederacy. Besides, I wasn't gwyng to believe every thing they told me; how did I know but what it was another Yankee lie?"

To many more questions of the same kind he continued to reply, "You all were n't true grit; why did n't you stick it out like me?"

Still suspecting there was something behind, and seeing the old twinkle in his eyes, I said,

"Alf, did you ever preach while in jail?"

"In course," said he, turning away to hide his tell-tale countenance, "I preached through the bars to people on the streets nearly every evening."

"Did you ever take up a collection?"

"Sakes a mussy," said he, with a loud guffaw, "every time."

"How much would you get?"

"Various," said he, "from one to three dollars, with victuals thrown in."

"That's better wages than you are making now. I wouldn't have come out at all."

"Nuther would I," said he; "if they had n't turned me out I'd been there yet."

Co. F.

[Written for the BIVOUAC.

THE "CRACK SHOT."

This man wore a "linsey" plaid vest and broad-brimmed slouch hat, and generally appeared in the village Saturday evening with his rifle swung on his shoulder. Tall and angular, his breast sunk in, and, in warm weather, barefooted, his jeans pants rolled up and kept from dropping by yarn "galluses"—who has not seen him standing, gazing at the stage and its passengers; or who has failed to see him turn, and leaning his rifle against the door of the cabin saloon, walk boldly in when invited, take his tobacco out of his mouth, and while holding it in his hand—"Here's luck, colonel,"—hides "four fingers" of "bug-juice?" Now, behold him a different creature. Turning the front of his hat rim back and replacing his "quid," he is no longer the silent yeoman, but the positive talker. His heart is fired, and the small boy stands in awe as he tells of his marvelously certain shots. His trusty rifle is his pride. He can bark a squirrel every "pop," and scorns to break the skin only when he shoots them in the eye.

This citizen was caught by the glorious report of war, and enlisted as a soldier. Others like him went from the same neighborhood. You remember what the village paper said of them? The knowing ones, throwing all earnestness in their manner, would assert that it was certain death to stand before such men: "Why, they can shoot a man's eye out at one hundred yards every crack!"

There are some contrasts that are so apparent that they are never mentioned. Such as night and day, black and white, sorghum or pinetop whisky and four-year-old Kentucky sour mash, but these are dwarfed and insignificant when compared to the difference between shooting at a squirrel and toward a body of angry men shooting at you. The next time I saw my friend was just after Shiloh. He was peaceably driving a wagon in the division commissary train.

FRED JOYCE.

## Editorial.

NOTES ON THE REUNION AT LEXINGTON.—After the sad experiences of the day, many of the veterans gathered in circles and talked of the war, fighting over again the battles and cracking old jokes.

The Second Kentucky had a story on the Fourth Kentucky which the latter did not much relish. The Fourth was on guard at Dalton Railroad Depot, whither among other things came boxes of provisions and clothing from distant friends to the boys in gray. As the Kentuckians were cut off from home they felt their orphanage bitterly, for never a box came for them. But they got them all the same, and many a well-filled chest found its way into the Kentucky camp. Upon one occasion a large, heavy, long box arrived which seemed loaded with good things. It was spirited away by some of the guard, and upon being opened in a sequestered spot was found to contain a corpse.

One of the Second Kentucky, Gresham by name, was, while a prisoner, visited by a Northern lady. Observing his tattered garments and half-starved appearance she said, "How can you fight for a government that clothes you in rags?" "O," said he, "my mother always makes me put on my worst clothes when I go out a hog-killing!"

In our advertising columns will be found an advertisement of a book on the war, entitled "Company Aytch." It is by all odds the most interesting volume on that subject yet published. From the first to the last page the attention of the reader is enchained, and he is carried along almost irresistibly to the end. It abounds in humor, pathos, and lively imagery. Some of the most terrible scenes of the war are painted with a graphic power that is rarely equaled. It should be on the table of every old soldier, indeed of every one who seeks to know something of the details of a Confederate's experience. We will furnish the book, post paid, to any new subscriber who will send us \$1.75.



REUNION AT OWENSBORO, KENTUCKY.—The reunion of Company A, First Kentucky Cavalry, will be had as above on the 29th instant, and promises to be very enjoyable, as nearly all the survivors of the old company, and a large number of comrades of other commands will be present. The committee has the assurance that Col. W. C. P. Breckinridge will certainly be on hand. Our representative will pack his grip-sack and start on time for the fun. We append the interesting programme :

Welcome Address, at 10 o'clock A.M., . . . . . W. T. ELLIS.  
Music, . . . . . OWENSBORO SILVER CORNET BAND.  
Address, . . . . . COL. R. S. BEVIER.

MUSIC.

DINNER.

MUSIC.

Drill, . . . . . MONARCH RIFLES.

MUSIC.

Address, . . . . . COL. W. C. P. BRECKINRIDGE.

A camp for the rendezvous of the old command will be established on the 26th of September, to continue until after the 29th. This feature of the reunion it is believed will prove not only pleasant but useful to the old soldiers, many of whom have not met each other since the war. At all events the opportunity will be presented to rescue from a rapidly approaching oblivion many facts worth preserving as history.

The committee has arranged for a suitable number of tents, and other camp furniture, as well as "three days' rations."

In answer to a general inquiry, attention is directed to the advertisement of C. T. Dearing, in this number. He will bind the back numbers of the BIVOUAC neatly and substantially, and return the book to you for one dollar.

We will pay twenty-five cents for each copy of the May and June double number sent to this office.

THE best way to show our appreciation of comrades maimed or disabled in the late war is to assist in taking care of them now that they can not help themselves. The Louisiana Association of the Armies of Tennessee and of Northern Virginia are maturing a finan-

cially safe plan to provide comfortable homes for the "care of those Louisiana soldiers who may be maimed or otherwise disabled and who are not already pensioned by the United States government." The association has its headquarters at New Orleans, and its directory is composed of wideawake citizens who are making a most determined move with the best prospects of ultimate success. The directory does not expect aid outside of the limits of the State of Louisiana, yet the valor of the Louisiana Confederate is our common heritage, and an expression of our sympathy for so worthy an undertaking is a gratification. Letters addressed to A. J. Lewis, postoffice box 3180, will be answered with full information concerning the proposed home.

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#### BOOK NOTICES.

In a former number we gave a notice of "Company Aytch," by Private Sam G. Watkins, of Columbia, Tenn. This was a history in brief of the *Western Campaigns* as a soldier in the ranks saw them; now we have on our table a companion work entitled "Soldier Life in the *Army of Northern Virginia*," being the detailed minutæ of life in camp, on the march, or in battle. The pen pictures are naturally, therefore, truthfully drawn by Private Carlton McCarthy, of the Eastern Army, and the excellent illustrations are by comrade W. L. Shephard, of the same army. The reader will find it difficult to put aside the book after taking it up to read. Without disparaging the capital illustrations, the reader, if an old soldier, will conclude that the text is all that is necessary to portray the soldier life of the member of Lee's Army, but the wood cuts are so apposite that they add zest to the pen pictures.

The contrast of the soldier of '61, with his wagon-load of clothing and kitchen utensils, with his poverty-distressed condition of '65, is exceedingly well drawn; the descriptive writings are all good, the scene of the veteran playing "old soger" on the recruit is laughter provoking, and the book is thoroughly enjoyable from beginning to end. The reader will realize on completing the book that he has had more than his money's worth, and yet will wish that the book had more of such reading and many more of such illustrations.

It is handsomely bound, and for sale by the publishers, Carlton McCarthy & Co., Richmond, Va.; price \$1.50. If desired we will send for it and have it mailed to any address.

A SCRAP-BOOK containing many relics of the Lost Cause can not fail to interest the survivors of the late Confederate Army. Such an unique volume is the handiwork of Chas. Herbst, formerly of the Second Kentucky Infantry C. S. A., now librarian of Historical Society, at Macon, Ga. The book contains quite a number of relics of the Lost Cause, including pieces of the battle-flags of the Second and Fourth Kentucky Infantry, a piece of the battle-flag of the First South Carolina Regiment (the first equipped regiment for the war), a piece of one of the overcoats presented to the Second Kentucky, a copy of the *Richmond Examiner*, dated October 12, 1863, and quite a collection of Confederate money, stamps, and some very select poems appropriate to the Lost Cause. On the front fly-leaf is a photograph of General John Morgan, taken early in the war, which is a good picture, though much colored by age. As a souvenir volume of the late war its value is inestimable.

SUBSCRIPTIONS to our new volume commencing with this number are rapidly coming in from many places in the South where the BIVOUAC has not heretofore gone.

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#### CORRECTION.

EDITORS BIVOUAC: Col. H. L. Giltner writes to me that in my article in the BIVOUAC for August in regard to the death of Gen. Jno. H. Morgan, that I am in error in my statement that his command was brigaded with me; and further that he received no order from me on the morning of Gen. Morgan's death. I accept as true the explanation of Col. Giltner, for no more truthful and honorable man lives. It would be strange if I did not make some mistakes in writing after the lapse of nearly nineteen years and from memory entirely.

But it is true, and it is no reflection on Col. Giltner, for me to state that I outranked him and did send a courier ordering him to fall back on me near Greenville.

D. HOWARD SMITH.

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## Taps.

GORDON AND BARLOW.—The ex-Confederate general told me an interesting story about two interviews he held with General Barlow. At Sharpsburg, Barlow was apparently mortally wounded and fell into Gordon's hands. Gordon took a liking to him and asked if he could not do something for him. "I think not, general," said the young man; "I shall be buried here, no doubt. I do not expect to live. But you can do one thing for me; here is a package of letters from my wife which I wish you to destroy before my eyes." Gordon, who was then a young man also, took the letters and was about to destroy them when Barlow, with a bubble at his throat, murmured, "Would you take the trouble to read me one of them first? Any one will do." Gordon opened one of the letters and read to the dying man—his last friendly words, perhaps, from home. Then the letters were destroyed. But the incident touched Gordon so that he made a special exertion to have Barlow sent through the lines or to have his wife admitted to him. This being done, the two armies fell apart and these men saw each other no more. Gordon considered Barlow to be dead. Barlow had also seen that a General Gordon had been killed somewhere. They met again at a friendly table in Washington, but did not know each other through the changes of time. After some lapse Gordon said, "General Barlow, are you a relative of that Barlow that was killed at Antietam?" "No," said the general, "I am the same man. Are you any relative," inquired Barlow in turn, "of that General Gordon who was recently killed on the Confederate side?" "That was my cousin; I am John B. Gordon." Then, at the request of the persons who overheard, Barlow told the tale amid tears and emotion on every side.—*George Alfred Townsend.*

SPOILED HIS BEAUTY.—He was not pretty, standing round-shouldered about five feet and ten inches above a number ten foot; his head was cocoanut-shaped, with a peaked face, from which glittered two little black bead-like eyes; his nose was thin and slightly turned

up; his bushy eyebrows met above this nose, and on his upper lip on either side were scattered ten hairs standing out like hog-bristles; these he called his moustache.

"His dark, uncombed hair could be seen through the top of a crownless, limp-brimmed hat. He had much good, hard, mule sense, and his fund of humor was inexhaustible, always saying the funniest things at the most unexpected times. His very presence was infectious of jollity, and he had a backwoods name for almost every thing.

The original color of his coat and pants was undistinguishable, and coat, pants, shirt, and shoes seemed to have all been made of the same dirt-brown piece, for he never washed, but had been seen on two or three occasions to lie down and roll over in the shallow fords of the Potomac, shake himself like a dog, and then let his clothes dry on him. His pants came within short speaking distance only of a pair of stockingless feet partially covered by shoes worn into strips, and at the waist a heavy cartridge box pulled the waistband far away from a jacket well worn and out at the elbows. His shirt was always open at the throat. He never heard from home and never seemed to care to hear; he was always in the ranks on the march, in the skirmish, and in every battle.

Now, Private W——, of his company, had a gun with a ramrod attached to the muzzle. This gun our hero termed "The Fensler; though we don't know *why* Fensler, and in resisting a charge at close quarters, W—— forgot to return the rammer, and the attachment caused the rammer to change its course, and to take with it the starboard side of C——'s handsome moustache, leaving not a single hair of the ten on that side, and with it took a background of unwashed skin. C—— then, regardless of the presence of the enemy, of all the surroundings, gave vent to his anger in language suitable to the provocation; in fact, he swore like they are said to swear in his native Texas; swore that he didn't mind the pain, but that his looks were spoiled forever. Then, not finding an appreciative audience, he rushed into the fight and came out of it with no other wound than that made by "Fensler."

NO GIRL BABIES IN THE ARMY.—A detail of soldiers found a conscript hid under a bed. When the fellow was brought into the light he boo-hooed like a baby, and was told by one of the soldiers that he was acting like a baby.

Said the conscript in reply, "I wish I was a baby, and a gal baby at that".

THIRTY DAYS AND NO DEATH IN THE FAMILY.—An order had gone out, "furloughs only when death is in the family." Our Englishman applied for leave; his paper read, "I've lost my grandmother." It was approved, and Dalgetty was passing Colonel —, a splendid officer: "I am sorry to hear of your affliction; when did your grandmother die?" "She was very old, colonel, and could not have lasted longer." Dalgetty moved on. "But when did the old lady die?" returned the ex-West Pointer. "It is quite an affliction, sir, and we'll miss her," said Dalgetty, still on the move. "Perhaps you are hard of hearing—when did she die?" asked the colonel with a voice sufficient for a brigade front. "She's been dead *forty years*, sir; I can't tell a lie about it, but I ought to get a furlough on it." The colonel had to break out in a laugh as he saw Dalgetty going doggedly back to camp. A few days after Dalgetty got a ball in his leg; as it hit him he slapped the limb and shouted, "Thirty days and no death in the family."

ALL RIGHT ON THE OGEECHEE.—During the bombardment of the defenses of Charleston, South Carolina, a Confederate soldier was strolling on the beach, when a shell buried itself in the sand near him and exploded, completely covering the soldier with sand. For a second nothing could be seen of the unfortunate man, but soon a hand scratched out, an arm followed, then another hand, another arm, then a head was raised, and, at last, the entire man freed himself from his sand prison, and proclaimed the fact by yelling at the top of his voice, "All right on the Ogeechee!" which cry was joyfully answered by the cheers of his comrades.

GOOD BUT NOT TRUE.—Among the striking contrasts exhibited in character the most frequent were the comparisons between Stonewall Jackson and Ewell or Early. On one occasion Lee received this devout dispatch from one flank: "By the grace of God we have beaten them on the right;" and the next moment from the other wing, "By d—d hard fighting we have whipped them on the left." One lieutenant was Jackson, the other Ewell.

RAMROD BREAD.—As a curious souvenir of the war, Major Albert Ross has preserved in a glass case a piece of what was known in the Confederate army as ramrod bread. It was made by stringing out a piece of dough and twisting it around a ramrod, and then baked by suspending it on two forked sticks. The piece preserved by Major Ross was baked in 1864 in East Tennessee.

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